Howl

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/33459922.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia Du Maurier, Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Injury Recovery, Codependency, On the Run, Murder Husbands, Love Confessions, First Kiss, First Time, Murder, Amputating Bedelia's Leg, Will Graham's Sass, Cannibalism, cant believe I almost forgot that tag lmao
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of The One You Feed
Stats:	Published: 2021-08-24 Completed: 2021-08-26 Words: 14,789 Chapters: 2/2

Howl

by memequeen1127

Summary

Will felt Hannibal’s arms squeeze around his waist, although he could tell that the strength of his arms was fading. Perhaps due to the bullet wound, perhaps due to pulling them out of the ocean’s depths, Will could not tell.

“We’re not dead,” Will gasped.

“No,” Hannibal panted. “Not yet.”

~

What happened in the missing time from Hannigram falling off the cliff to happily dining on Bedelia's leg?

This is my version of what happened after the fall, and includes stabilizing Hannigram's injuries, developing their relationship, and Will convincing Hannibal that they *definitely* need to pay a certain someone a special visit before fleeing the country.

Notes

Title is from Florence + the Machine's song of the same name. I highly recommend giving it a listen because it's PERFECT for Hannigram!!

My post-fall fic is here!! It will be two chapters, and the second chapter will be longer than this one. This chapter is all Will's POV and covers what immediately happened after the fall from the cliff, and the second chapter is a mix of Will and Hannibal POV and covers them recovering and going after Bedelia.

This is technically a continuation of my Hannibal series, but there's no need to read the previous stories to enjoy this one. All you have to know is that Hannibal's cliffhouse is near a town named Achilles ;) and that Will realized his feelings for Hannibal after Bedelia asked him "But do you ache for him?"

Enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Will barely felt the water as he hit it.

The blood slicking his entire body was warm, so incredibly warm, that it offset the biting chill of the ocean. He had Hannibal to hold onto as well, so sinking into the water didn't feel so different than falling off the cliff.

He was content to drift, arms wrapped tightly around Hannibal, and let the forces of air and water decide what to do with him. He'd given into his innate desires, finally, and was now paying the self-inflicted price. It was up to fate, or the universe, or God, or *whoever* to decide what to do with Will Graham next.

With Hannibal in his arms, he was content with whatever that decision was.

Will's brain was so fuzzy with pain, exhaustion, and oxygen deprivation that he didn't realize he'd been moving upwards in the water until his head broke the surface and he gasped for breath.

He blinked water droplets out of his eyes and was immediately met with the sight of Hannibal, his faint smile illuminated by the moonlight. Will felt Hannibal's arms squeeze around his waist, although he could tell that the strength of his arms was fading. Perhaps due to the bullet wound, perhaps due to pulling them out of the ocean's depths, Will could not tell.

"We're not dead," Will gasped.

"No," Hannibal panted. "Not yet."

And that was enough. Will would have been okay with death since he would cross over into that abyss with Hannibal. But they hadn't died, and life with Hannibal sounded just as fine to Will.

What really mattered to Will was that he was *with Hannibal.* Where they went was inconsequential, as long as they went together.

Seeing as Hannibal was still alive, Will thought he might as well take that path too.

"Can you swim?" Will asked, still catching his breath.

"Yes," Hannibal replied.

Will was doubtful about that, so he kept one arm firm around Hannibal's waist as they started swimming towards the rocks at the base of the cliff. There was pain in Will's shoulder from the stab wound as he paddled forward, but it was dulled from the adrenaline. He kept moving, looking for something to grab onto.

There was no beach in sight, and Will didn't see any docks nearby. Perhaps they would end up slipping into death, after all.

But as they reached some rocks and a cloud moved in the sky, a beam of moonlight shone down and brightened the area around them, revealing a small old fishing boat tied up at the very base of the cliff, almost blending in with the rocks around it.

"Here," Will said as they reached it. "Get in."

Hannibal reached up to grab the side of the rotting boat with two hands, groaning at the stretch of his wounded abdomen as he did. Will grabbed onto his waist and used hidden strength to haul him out of the water, crying out as more pain danced up his shoulder, then breathing in relief when Hannibal fell into the boat with a thud.

With the last of his strength and more sharp pain, Will heaved himself into the old boat, landing on the dry wooden bottom with a grunt. The vessel was small, clearly meant for only one person, so Hannibal was pressed up against his side, his short breath puffing against Will's neck.

Will breathed heavily as his limbs became heavy and his vision darkened, feeling the adrenaline leak out of his body and leave him with only lethargy.

The last thing he registered before his mind went black was Hannibal's warm hand wrapping around his waist.

When Will opened his eyes he wasn't completely sure if he was awake yet, because all he could see was darkness.

But then he blinked, and saw the moon glowing in the sky above him. He turned his head to the side, and saw the old wood of the boat he was currently laying in. Memories flashed through his mind of the fight, the fall, and the ocean, and he remembered.

With a sharp inhale of worry for Hannibal, Will snapped his head around to find the older man's head laying flush against his shoulder, his arm settled limply across Will's stomach. His eyes were closed, but he was clearly breathing as his chest moved against Will's side.

However, this did nothing to alleviate Will's concern. Hannibal had been shot, and was no doubt losing an incredible amount of blood. Will raised his hand and reached over to feel Hannibal's forehead — it was cold. Almost too cold.

Panic reared its head in Will's chest as he scrambled to sit up. He cursed the adrenaline crash that made him pass out for who knows how long, making him lose precious time to get help for Hannibal. Will wasn't sure how much time he had left, and despite him being at peace with their recent almost-deaths, he didn't want to live in a world Hannibal Lecter wasn't in.

Even if it was just for a few minutes, or a few seconds, before Will himself died. He doubted that he could look upon Hannibal's dead body without going insane.

With panic in his throat and determination in his limbs, Will grabbed the old oars attached to the boat and rowed, his body more energized now after recovering from his adrenaline crash. He had no idea where he was rowing to, and his shoulder didn't cooperate like he wanted it to, but he kept going.

He needed to get medical help, which meant he needed people. The odds of finding that out in the open sea were slim, so Will stuck close to the cliffside, having no idea what he was looking for but desperately hoping it was there.

And it was. Will's eyes swung around the terrain urgently before snagging on to a series of steps carved into the rock of the cliffside. Stairs.

Will maneuvered the boat to the bottom step and quickly tied its tethering rope onto a big rock. He stepped onto the carved step with sore muscles, reaching over to pull Hannibal out of the boat and onto the stairs. His shoulder was really starting to burn now, but Will ignored it.

Hannibal was still unconscious and thus dead weight, making Will grit his teeth with effort as he threw Hannibal's arm around his good shoulder, clutched onto his back and waist, and started walking them both up the stone stairs.

The steps were uneven and slick with seawater, so Will walked up slowly with precaution. He screamed at himself to go faster, *faster, Hannibal needed help,* but his rationality held him back. He couldn't afford a single misstep, or risk plunging them both back into the waters below.

Will groaned with every step up. The journey was going way too slow, excruciatingly slow, but Will didn't stop. He didn't dare stop.

Finally, just when he was wondering if his legs would give out on him, he reached the last step and walked out onto the top of the cliff. He glanced around quickly, and caught sight of some dim lights maybe a mile down, to his left. Hannibal's house.

Will didn't think he had time to lug Hannibal all the way back there, at the state he was in. Besides, these stairs were engraved into the cliff for a reason. There must be a house around here…

There. Will's head snapped to the right, narrowing his eyes a bit at what he was seeing. There was a small house maybe 50 yards away, hidden behind some trees so Will didn't immediately see it. There were no lights coming from the house either, and he wondered if that was because its owners weren't home, or because they were asleep. He didn't know which option he hoped for.

Without any more hesitation, Will lugged Hannibal towards the house. The older man let out a groan, making Will exhale in relief. He was still alive.

As they got closer to the house, Will noticed that the bushes looked a bit overgrown, and there was no car out front. Nobody home, then.

He walked right up to the front door and immediately kicked it in, letting out a breath when everything was silent. No shrill beeping from a home alarm system.

Will stumbled inside and over to the couch, doing his best to gently drop Hannibal onto it. It's only after he jumped up and flew to the bathroom to quickly search for first-aid supplies that he realized his hands were shaking, and blood was still leaking out of his stab wounds.

He banged around some cabinets, cursing when he didn't find anything useful. Then he dropped onto his knees and looked under the sink, finally finding a small red pouch.

He grabbed it and ran back to Hannibal, then unzipped the bag and dumped everything onto the floor beside the couch. He grabbed some gauze and pressed it to Hannibal's bullet wound, but felt cold water soak into the material rather than blood.

“Fuck,” Will muttered, and started ripping Hannibal’s shirt off. It was dripping wet and plastered to his skin, stuck even tighter onto his wound because of all the blood. Will ignored the trembling in his hands and slowly peeled the fabric off Hannibal’s torso, brows furrowed in concern when blood started gushing out of the hole in his belly.

With the shirt off, Will once again pressed the pad of gauze against his wound. With his free hand, he dug around the supplies on the floor and fumbled for the roll of bandages.

As he started wrapping Hannibal’s abdomen, Will was suddenly aware of his own heart pounding rapidly in his chest. Hannibal was still cold to the touch, and his lips were losing color. Will may have slowed the bleeding for now, but Hannibal had already lost too much blood. He needed more.

Also, Will wasn’t a doctor. He didn’t *stop* the bleeding, he only slowed it down. He would need an actual doctor to assess the true damage of Hannibal’s wound, and stitch it up where needed.

God, he hoped the bullet missed Hannibal’s major organs.

“Please be okay,” Will murmured as he tied off the bandages. *“Please.”*

Hannibal’s eyelids fluttered and he made a low sound, but did nothing else to indicate lucidity.

Will could feel himself start to panic again and sprang up. He ran to the kitchen, grabbed a plastic bag, and started throwing everything in the homeowner’s pantry into it. He didn’t know if they’d have the chance to stop anywhere else for supplies. He was sure that Jack Crawford was already close on their heels.

Will rushed into the bedroom, pulling the dresser open and shoving spare clothes into the bag. There weren't a lot of clothes, and they were split between feminine and masculine. Will grabbed all of the masculine ones, shoved them into the bag, then headed to the closet.

He hurriedly felt around the top shelf, and a thrill ran down his spine as he discovered an old revolver with a box of ammunition.

The bullets went into the bag, but Will tucked the gun into the waistband of his still soaking-wet pants.

Next, he tried all the doors in the house, looking for anything useful. He ignored a kid's bedroom and an extra bathroom, but the third door he opened made his shoulders sag in relief.

It was a garage, with an old-fashioned blue Ford Mustang just sitting there. It was way too ostentatious and noticeable for them to drive for very long, but right now it was their only option.

Will grabbed the keys from where they hung on a hook on the hall, unlocked the car, threw the bag into the backseat, then ran to get Hannibal.

It took a lot less work to move Hannibal into the car than to carry him up who-knows-how-many stairs, but Will hardly noticed. He was too worried about Hannibal's shivering and his mind was too fixated on the next steps, the next things he had to do to get Hannibal the necessary medical treatment.

Open the garage door. Pull the car out onto the road. Drive until you see a sign, then follow the sign to the nearest town — which of course was Achilles.

Again, Will became aware that Jack would have no problem following their trail easily since Will was doing everything so obviously. Will knew that, but he couldn't bring himself to care. If he doubled back and went to a town further away, Hannibal might not make it. Time was everything.

So Will hit the gas and flew down the road into the nearest seaside town, keeping his feverishly bright eyes peeled for any medical clinics open at this time of night.

After getting into town and turning down a few streets, the neon light of an OPEN sign pervaded the darkness and caught Will's attention. He immediately turned the car straight towards it, and came to a screeching halt in the nearby parking lot.

24 HOUR EMERGENCY CLINIC, the sign said.

"We're here, Hannibal," Will gasped, his heart still pounding in his throat with panic. "Y-You're going to be okay."

He helped Hannibal, who was still dead weight, out of the car and walked them both quickly inside the clinic. The place was well-lit, but there was nobody in sight.

"Help!" Will called, voice rasping. "Please, we need help."

There were hurried footsteps on the tile, then an old man with a white beard came around the corner and froze in his tracks. His gaze searched Hannibal quickly, taking in his abdomen wound and wet hair, then went to Will, seeing his soaking wet and blood-drenched clothes.

The doctor did a double-take then, looking more closely at Hannibal and Will's faces. Recognition flickered in his eyes, and his eyebrows rose to his receding hairline.

"He's been shot," Will rushed out. "And he's lost a lot of blood."

The man didn't respond. Will could see his mind working in overdrive, and gritted his teeth.

He reached back with one hand, careful to keep his grip on Hannibal with the other, and grabbed the gun. In one smooth motion, he pulled it out and pointed it directly at the doctor's head.

“Help him or I’ll kill you,” he threatened. “Nothing else matters to me except him, do you understand me?”

The guy blinked, but instead of looking scared his face contorted into a look of disapproval.

“Son, there’s no need for that,” he said, speaking for the first time with narrowed eyes. “I took an oath to do no harm, no matter who the patient is or what they’ve done. I take my duty to save lives very seriously. Do *you* understand *me?”*

It was Will’s turn to blink. “Then why did you hesitate?”

“I was trying to recollect if we had enough blood bags in storage to be of any use,” the man responded. He cocked his head to the side. “But I must admit I did not expect Hannibal Lecter to walk through my door tonight.”

They stared at each other for another moment, Will searching this man’s eyes for any sign of deception.

“I believe you,” Will decided, putting his gun back in his waistband and starting to walk forward with Hannibal. “Just help him, please.”

The doctor nodded and motioned Will to follow him down a hallway, to a room with an exam table. Will gently laid Hannibal onto the table and the doctor immediately put his glasses on and started unwrapping the bandages Will had just put on.

“What do you need me to do?” Will asked, feeling like he was going to vibrate out of his skin with the nervous energy thrumming through him.

“In that drawer, there,” the doctor said, nodding to a side drawer. “Get me the surgical needle, thread, and retractor. It’s the instrument that looks like it pries things apart.”

Will threw open the drawer and found the requested items, swallowing at the retractor. “Are you going to look inside his wound?”

“Only a bit, to check the damage,” he said. “You probably don’t have time to wait for a scan, so the old fashioned way will do.”

“Just be thorough,” Will said worriedly, handing the things over. “We need to fix everything that’s wrong.”

The doctor peered at him over his glasses. “You are aware that — ”

“Yes, I’m goddamn aware,” Will growled. “But he’s tough. If you fix him up, he’ll do the rest.”

The doctor just shrugged and leaned down to inspect Hannibal’s bullet wound.

Will held his breath for what felt like forever until the doctor nodded to himself and straightened back up.

“The bullet missed all major organs,” he said. Will sighed in relief. “But a lot of muscle was torn because it entered through his back. It’ll take me some time to stitch him up properly.”

“What about his blood?” Will demanded. “He needs more.”

“He does,” the man acknowledged. “I’ll get some now. What’s his blood type?”

“A positive,” Will replied, jittery. “Will he be okay?”

“Yes,” the guy said simply. “You got him here before he lost all his blood. He’ll be fine, but like I said. It’ll take time.”

“How much time?”

“Three hours, just about,” the doctor replied. “That includes the blood transfusion and closing his bullet wound.”

“That’s too long,” Will dismissed. “How long to start the transfusion, and close his wound?”

The doctor sighed, like he was expecting that response. “One hour.”

“Start now,” Will ordered. “I’ll be taking some extra blood bags on the road.”

The doctor ushered him out of the room and showed him where the blood was. “Here. Five bags should be more than enough.”

“Thank you,” Will said, blinking at the cooler with packaged blood. He wasn’t used to people helping fugitives, let alone well-publicized serial killer cannibals and their accomplices.

“When I’m done with Dr. Lecter, I’ll stitch you up too,” the doctor commented. “A knife to the shoulder, I believe? And you’ve also got a nasty cut on your face. It’ll leave a scar.”

“Fine, fine,” Will said, already grabbing a spare portable cooler and filling it with ice and blood. “Go help him.”

The doctor nodded and left, but Will was not far behind. After filling the cooler he brought it out to the car and put it in the backseat, then reached for the plastic bag and pulled out some of the clean clothes he snatched. Two pairs of underwear, scratchy sweaters, undershirts, socks, and jeans.

Will went back inside the clinic and quickly changed clothes, grateful to finally be rid of the cold, wet, blood-soaked ones. The socks did wonders for his freezing feet, although they looked slightly funny underneath his black dress shoes.

He reached for one of the scratchy sweaters, ready to throw it over his undershirt, but paused.

Hannibal was a lot colder than Will was because of his lack of blood. The doctor was giving him a blood transfusion now, but Will didn't know how long it would be until his levels were back to normal, and his body temperature was naturally where it was supposed to be.

He'd give his sweater to Hannibal.

Mind made up, Will dried his hair with a spare hospital gown he found lying around, then grabbed the second set of clothes, plus the extra sweater, and headed into Hannibal's room.

The doctor had already inserted a needle into Hannibal's inner forearm and hooked up the blood, and Will felt the tension in his body fade away as he noticed that Hannibal had stopped shivering, and the color had returned to his lips.

"I've still got 45 minutes to go," the doctor drawled, working on sewing Hannibal's belly back together.

Will didn't even bother to respond and walked over to Hannibal's bedside. He took the hospital gown and reached out to gently dry his hair with it, the same way Will had just done to himself. Hannibal's hair was a lot shorter than it used to be, due to his prison haircut. Will liked it, but found himself wanting Hannibal's longer hair back. It would be better to run his hands through.

"Stop for a minute," Will said. "Help me change his clothes."

The doctor put down his needle and helped Will wrangle Hannibal's pants off him. Will patted his body dry, careful to avert his eyes when necessary. Then with the doctor's help, he dressed Hannibal in the dry clothes. It took some effort to tug the two sweaters over Hannibal's head and down his torso, but at least now, he wouldn't get sick from being in wet clothes for an extended period of time.

The doctor resumed his work and Will rounded the table to sit at Hannibal's other side. He had 45 minutes until they left town, and there was nowhere else Will would rather be than right here.

He took Hannibal's hand in his almost mindlessly, the new warmth of it reassuring. He had time to think about everything they'd been through together in the past day, but it was way too much. Helping Hannibal escape, spending time in the cliffhouse, killing the Dragon together, falling — Will didn't want to process it by himself. All he knew was that he was glad it all happened. He could wait to re-experience the memory when Hannibal was awake to talk about it with him.

Will couldn't wait for the love and pride that would shine from his face when Will explained that they'd saved each other from the sea. When they would look into each other's eyes and know that they were both thinking of that night when they spilled blood together, of Will finally letting loose and killing an enemy. When they would touch, and remember how they'd reached for each other after slaying the Dragon, in a blood-soaked embrace.

Will knew himself, now. He could admit how much he hungered for destruction, yet also how much he yearned for Hannibal. All the walls inside him that carefully blocked off parts of himself were knocked down, and he was no longer in denial about anything he loved.

It's beautiful, Will had told Hannibal then. He'd never said anything more honest.

"I'm done," the doctor said, pulling Will out of his head. "I've got five minutes left. It's your turn."

Will blinked and looked down to see the doctor carefully returning Hannibal to his back from where he'd turned him on his side while stitching up the bullet's entry wound. Will nodded and leaned forward in his chair, refusing to let go of Hannibal's hand.

The doctor rolled his eyes, but didn't say anything.

The stitches didn't hurt, not compared to getting stabbed, but the process was annoyingly slow. Will doubted that it took more than five minutes, as allotted, but it still felt much longer.

"There you go," the doctor said, cutting the thread and pulling back. "Good as new."

His cheek and shoulder throbbed in protest.

"Thank you," Will told him for the second time. "You saved his life. I owe you."

"You don't owe me anything," the old man waved off. "Except not to kill me."

Will lifted up the uninjured side of his face in a smile. "I won't. You're a good man."

"Some people would argue with you on that one," the doctor responded. "I'm betting the FBI will."

Will hesitated. "Will you call them after we leave?"

"Yes," he answered bluntly. "...But I'll give you a few hours. Don't want to give you a new reason to kill me."

Will sighed. "That's fair. You're lucky Hannibal's not the one awake right now."

“I know,” the doctor said. “When you carry him, be careful of the blood bag. You don’t want the needle coming out of his arm, because I doubt you know how to put one in. When this bag runs out, unscrew it here,” he indicated the spot on the IV line, “and screw the new one in.”

Will stood up and nodded. “Got it.”

The doctor nodded back at him, and started cleaning up his materials.

Will carefully hauled Hannibal to his feet and headed towards the door, but halfway there he hesitated.

“What’s your name?”

“Mr. Graham,” the doctor said dryly. “I’m only telling you because I think you’re smart enough to find out on your own, so there’s no point in me withholding it.” He tilted his head. “Dr. John Roberts, at your service.”

Will inclined his head. “Dr. Roberts. Thank you for all you’ve done.”

Then he turned, and left the good doctor behind.

Hannibal started to stir as Will leaned over to buckle him into the front seat of the car. “Will?”

“I’m here,” he murmured. “How are you feeling?”

Hannibal groaned, and Will took the opportunity to start the car.

“Weak,” Hannibal decided. “Tired.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear it,” Will replied. “You almost died on me.”

Hannibal looked around the car and noticed the blood flowing into his arm. “Who helped us?”

“A random doctor in Achilles,” Will answered.

He caught Hannibal side-eying him.

“Don’t give me that look,” Will huffed. “You needed medical attention. You needed *blood.”*

“I’m not complaining, dear Will,” Hannibal said with a small smile. “I trust your judgement. I also trust that you have a plan that accounts for that detour?”

“Yeah,” Will said, taking the left fork to the highway. “We’re going to Columbus.”

Hannibal was silent for a moment. “Ohio?”

Will’s lip twitched in amusement at the clear distaste in Hannibal’s tone. “It’s exactly where Jack wouldn’t expect you to go: West. And it’s far enough away to give us a bit of a head start.”

“We’ll need to switch cars,” Hannibal reminded.

He finished speaking right as Will pulled into a rundown, residential neighborhood on the edge of the highway. “Any ones you like?”

He felt Hannibal’s hand against the back of his neck, and slowed the car down to glance over. His stomach flipped at the loving look Hannibal was giving him.

“Whichever you like best, darling,” he said softly.

Will’s stomach flipped again at the name. *Darling.* Hannibal had never called him that before… he liked it.

“How about this one?” Will proposed, nodding at a nearby black sedan. “It’s an older model so not equipped with too much security to handle.”

Hannibal’s thumb brushed against his neck. “It's the one I would have picked out as well.”

Will turned his face back to the road in order to park, but also to hide his half-smile behind his stitches.

They transferred cars easily but slowly, Hannibal taking his time and only leaning on Will a little for support. After Will got the cooler and the bag and buckled them up, they were on their way.

“This highway is a major one that splits off in many directions,” he told Hannibal. “Jack will know we were here, but he won’t know where we went.”

“He’ll have to rely on eyewitness sightings,” Hannibal agreed.

“We’ll only stop to get gas,” Will reassured. “I won’t even go inside the little stores.”

Hannibal went quiet, and Will looked over to see his eyes narrowed, ever so slightly.

“What are you thinking?” he asked.

“Perhaps I want you to go inside the gas station,” Hannibal mused. “We’re in need of a burner phone.”

Will frowned. “Who do you want to call?”

“Chiyoh. She can provide us with money, identification, and other necessities we will need,” Hannibal said cautiously.

Will nodded slowly. Obtaining those things, and using the “we” word, implied that he and Hannibal would be staying together in this, for the long-term. Hannibal sounded worried that Will would decide against it, which made Will’s heart ache.

“Hannibal,” he called softly, reaching over to place a hand on his. “We killed the Dragon together. We survived a fall off a cliff together. This-This isn’t a trick.”

Hannibal smiled tiredly at him. “I know, Will. I was merely concerned if you would choose to stay.”

“I’m staying,” Will replied firmly. “Where else would I go?”

He squeezed Hannibal’s hand, and Hannibal gave a weak squeeze back.

“I’ll buy a phone,” Will declared. “And some new shoes. And maybe also a hat.”

Hannibal hummed. “Your curls *are* very noticeable.”

Will smiled. He couldn't remember the last time he smiled this much in a single conversation, like *genuinely* smiled. They had almost died not 6 hours ago, and here Will was in a stolen car, driving Hannibal Lecter to Ohio, and feeling warm inside.

"Will," Hannibal said slowly. "Why are you in short sleeves? It has to be less than 40 degrees out. Maybe you should also buy a sweater or coat at the store."

Will sighed. "I will. You just need to be warmer than I do."

Hannibal was quiet for a moment, and when Will glanced over to him, his brow was furrowed in confusion and his free hand was examining his clothes.

"Did you give me your sweater?"

"It wasn't mine," Will replied. "I just grabbed two, and gave them both to you."

Hannibal squeezed his hand. "Thank you, Will."

"It's nothing. Get some rest," Will murmured, letting go of Hannibal's hand in favor of placing his own back onto the steering wheel. "We have a long drive ahead of us."

Hannibal apparently didn't need to be told twice, as his eyes fluttered shut and he sunk into a deep sleep. He remained asleep when the sun rose behind their car, and when Will stopped at a sketchy-looking gas station to refuel and buy a hat, a burner phone, and some food that wasn't stale granola bars.

He woke up again not long after they crossed the state line into Ohio, and occupied himself by watching the scenery go by and sometimes making conversation with Will. Will didn't mind in the slightest and talked back, grateful to have something simple between them for

once. Everything felt so much lighter now that they had finally stopped fighting against each other and started fighting *for* each other.

Hannibal used the burner phone once, dialing a number long memorized and speaking to Chiyoh a bit. Will listened closely as he did, not wanting to miss any important details in case Hannibal fell asleep again when they got close to Columbus. They made arrangements rather straightforwardly, and settled on a meeting place Chiyoh suggested.

“Where’s she been all this time?” Will inquired once Hannibal hung up.

“Back in Japan, with my aunt,” Hannibal replied. “But she is currently in the States on business, and thus able to meet us in Columbus without issue.”

Will digested that. “I’ve never been to Japan.”

Hannibal turned to him, then.

“Perhaps we can visit one day,” he said quietly.

Will held his hand again. “Perhaps we can.”

The rest of the drive was spent with Hannibal changing out his own blood bags and being restless about the long ride. It was strange, watching a wounded Hannibal fidget. He reminded Will of a caged bear, dangerous and yearning to escape captivity. But bears would not, every so often, make amusing little comments.

“Will, I never knew there was this much corn in the entire world,” he remarked about an hour into Ohio. Will chuckled in agreement.

And then, about 30 minutes after that: “Will, I’m sure you can speed up just a little bit, at least until we pass all the corn.”

“I don’t want to give the police any reason to pull us over,” Will explained. “That would be a disaster.”

Hannibal sighed, and looked at the window again. Will’s lips twitched.

Eventually the cornfields did dissipate into suburban, then urban, areas. Dirt turned into concrete, and plants turned into buildings. They were in Columbus.

They worked together using street signs and natural landmarks to find their way around town to the park Chiyoh designated as their meeting place. It was around dusk when they rolled up to the tree-covered park, and as Will put the car in park he could see Chiyoh stand up from a nearby bench and walk over to them, a stylish messenger bag in her hand.

He sure as hell wasn’t going to make Hannibal get out and walk when Chiyoh had two well-functioning legs of her own.

She didn’t say anything as Will rolled down his window, her eyes just flickering back and forth between him and Hannibal.

“Well,” she finally said. “I can’t say I’m surprised.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

All the tags apply in this chapter ;) Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Chiyoh left them with proper documentation and an array of cash and credit cards, Will drove them around until Hannibal pointed out a rather rundown motel in a certain area of the city.

Hannibal would much rather stay in one of the more upscale hotels in downtown Columbus while recovering from his wounds, but his priorities were focused on remaining undetected from Jack. Nicer hotels were outfitted with security cameras and had more intrusive eyes, whereas the motel Hannibal picked likely had a tired, overworked employee who wouldn't spare them a second glance.

Will parked in front of the motel office and rummaged around the messenger bag.

"Since the drivers licenses are all for you, you might have to go inside — wait."

Hannibal smiled knowingly as Will lifted a handful of identification cards out of the bag.

"There's some for me," he said blankly. "It's a mix."

Hannibal reached out to place a comforting hand on his arm. "I always endeavor to be prepared."

Will just stared at him with wide eyes.

Hannibal's heart softened. "It has long been my hope that you would join me in running away, Will."

Will blinked rapidly. "I know, I just… seeing it, realizing how much you wanted… I guess I'm just surprised."

Hannibal squeezed Will's arm lightly, and Will shook himself.

"Okay, I'm going in," he said.

Hannibal nodded, then watched as Will went inside to speak to the clerk and get them a room. It was likely the first time he'd ever lied about his identity, but he seemed completely relaxed as he handed over both the fake ID and the correct amount of cash.

It was such a small thing, but Hannibal was proud.

"We're in room six," Will said when he returned. "We can stay for a few days until you get your strength back."

That sounded nice to Hannibal. Although the old motel mattress groaned when Hannibal laid upon it, he was grateful for the actual bed. The car had been a bit cramped and uncomfortable.

He didn't need much instruction from Will to get rest, as his body was very fatigued. He drifted off to sleep not long after he settled into the bed, dreaming of slaying Dragons for an unknown amount of time.

When he next woke up, there was a variety of food on the nearby table and a collection of new gauze and bandages. He looked to the side, and also noticed a new bag of blood feeding into his IV.

“Will,” Hannibal said dryly and he reached over to remove the needle in his arm. “I don’t need this anymore. In fact, it may be more harmful if you continue to pump blood into me.”

Will sat down on the bed next to him with a steaming bowl of soup and shrugged. “If you’re sure... *Doctor.”*

“I am,” Hannibal chuckled lightly. “Really, all I need is bedrest while my stitches do their job.” He tilted his head to the side and lifted his hand to brush against the cut on Will’s cheek. “Your stitches need to heal, too.”

Hannibal was displeased that he wasn’t the one to stitch up Will’s wounds. What he had now was good, but Hannibal’s would have been better. He preferred being the only one to touch Will, and a thrill shot through him with the realization that perhaps, from now on, he would be.

“We’ll lay low for now,” Will settled. “At least until the storm that is Jack Crawford blows over and we’re able to leave the country more easily.”

Hannibal opened his mouth to point out that he has ways to evade Jack Crawford no matter the power of his storm, when Will interrupted.

“You’re not well enough to make a journey like that yet,” he stated.

“I just spent nine hours in a car,” Hannibal pointed out.

Will raised an eyebrow. “Are you saying that you don’t want to bunker down in a hotel room with me?”

Hannibal smiled fondly. He liked that Will was always able to see through him, and call him out.

“Not at all, darling,” he reassured.

“Good,” Will said. “Now eat your soup.”

They did end up moving hotels every few days, just to be safe. Hannibal spent much of their time “bunkered down”, as Will called it, reclining in dusty motel beds and regaining his strength.

Despite the sedentary lifestyle, Hannibal was rarely bored. He had Will with him, who only left to get them more food. On one such outing he surprised Hannibal by bringing a book back with him, in addition to the food.

“It was in a clearance bin at the local grocery store,” Will told him. “I thought you might like it.”

The book was red, with the title *Paradise Lost* embossed in gold script on the cover.

“I am fond of Milton,” Hannibal replied, heart warming in his chest. “Could I request that you read it to me?”

Will answered him by opening the book and starting to read.

“*Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree…”*

All in all, it was a rather idyllic convalescence. Not even the occasional press conference made by Jack Crawford, which Hannibal witnessed the rare times Will turned on the TV and

browsed the news, could put a damper on his high spirits. In fact, they often served to heighten his mood.

Being with Will like this, running away together and living in relative peace, was what he'd dreamed of for so long.

Of course, he could tell that Will was a lot more anxious about their current state of affairs than he was. After Will's voice got tired from reading the book, he would curl around Hannibal in their shared bed and hold him tight, like he was afraid that he'd disappear. That, combined with the way Will fussed over him so much in terms of his injury recovery, made it clear to Hannibal that his beloved was worried about their future.

Hannibal was worried too, but only for the purpose of maintaining what they had. He was optimistic that they would evade Jack and flee the country, retiring somewhere together undetected. Getting out of America was perhaps the biggest step, and as Hannibal's wounds improved he could tell that Will was getting more anxious about reaching that step.

But that seemed to be the only thing Will worried about. Hannibal didn't sense any internal conflict in him like he had so often in the past, giving him confidence that Will didn't regret the choice he made when they killed the Dragon together, or the choice he made when he pulled them out of the ocean.

He knew that Will's purpose in having them fall off the cliff was one last effort to resist his true nature. He gave the choice of them living unrestrained versus dying together up to God, and God made the right choice. Hannibal was glad that Will accepted it, and in fact even seemed a bit relieved that it had turned out this way.

However, a small, pesky voice in the dungeons of Hannibal's mind fed him annoying feelings of insecurity. Hannibal was not afraid of Jack Crawford, Alana Verger-Bloom, or the full force of the FBI — but he *was* afraid of Will leaving him.

"Will," Hannibal prodded one night, after their daily session of bedtime reading. "Is this really the future you want?"

Will startled against Hannibal's side, and pushed himself up into a sitting position to look down at Hannibal incredulously.

"What?"

"With me," Hannibal clarified. "Leaving your home, and hiding in a foreign land."

Will studied him for a while, the silence raising Hannibal's anxiety up another notch.

"Hannibal," he finally said. "I've never felt as happy as I have in the past few weeks with you, on the run. In hiding. This *is* the future I want, because it's the one I get to share with you."

His eyes were hard with passionate finality, and Hannibal let out a breath of relief at the sight. Will wanted this. Will wasn't going to leave him.

"Just promise not to maim me anymore," Will drawled. "At least, not without my permission."

Hannibal smiled. "I promise."

But then Hannibal hesitated, and lowered his voice. "Do you promise not to leave me?"

He spoke with more vulnerability than in recent memory, the type of vulnerability that he only allowed to escape in Will's presence.

Will reached out to cup Hannibal's cheek.

"I promise," he said, repeating Hannibal's vow.

And then Will was tilting his face up, ever so slightly, and leaning down.

When their lips met, Hannibal heard angels sing.

It was the lightest of kisses, a mere press of lips, and lasted no longer than a few seconds; but it sent Hannibal straight to Heaven.

He never thought he'd have this. He didn't think that Will would, *could,* reciprocate the type of feelings that Hannibal held for him. All that he wanted was for Will to embrace his nature and live with him as a partner, one of the most emotionally intimate, if not romantically or physically, nature. That was truly all that Hannibal thought was realistically possible, and he kept his dreams for more just that. Dreams, to be confined in his head as unreachable fantasies.

But Will just kissed him, which meant that his hopes weren't dreams at all.

Will *loved* him, in that same way that Hannibal loved him.

Hannibal was filled with joy and exhilaration, his body trembling as Will pulled away. He opened his eyes, freshly filled with tears, to find Will gazing down at him with exasperation.

"What?" he murmured. "Don't tell me I managed to shock the great Hannibal Lecter."

"Oh, my dear," Hannibal breathed. "I love you so."

Will rolled his eyes, but couldn't hide the red blush growing on his cheeks.

"I love you too," he mumbled quietly.

Hannibal went to sleep that night with a smile on his face, Will's protective arms wrapped around him and happier than he'd been since perhaps the golden days of his childhood.

They left Ohio the next day, heading northwest into Pennsylvania. Hannibal felt a lot stronger now as compared to a few weeks ago, and had no trouble walking now. He needed Will's help to get up or bend down, since his abdominal muscles were still a bit tender, but overall he was pleased at his progress.

He could tell that Will was pleased too, from the small smile on his face as he watched Hannibal walk confidently to the car.

The long drive didn't bother Hannibal as much as it did last time, possibly because now he had *Paradise Lost* to read. He treasured the way Will's voice rumbled through each word and rounded out each letter, and wanted to repay him for the gift. As Hannibal read aloud on their drive, Will looked more relaxed than he had in days and Hannibal knew he did a good job.

"Will, we should stop somewhere for new clothes," Hannibal ventured as they crossed over the state line.

Will threw him a quick glance and smirked.

"You are looking a bit ripe, Dr. Lecter," he teased. "Where do you suggest?"

"We could go in and out of a mall relatively quickly without being spotted," Hannibal mused. "Department stores are low-staffed nowadays, and lacking customers."

"Are you saying you want to go inside?" Will asked, frowning. "Your face has been plastered in every media outlet for weeks."

“So has yours,” Hannibal countered. “And you’ve been venturing into stores for days now without being detected.”

Will made an uncertain sound.

“Will,” Hannibal called, making him look over. “I’d like proper clothes. We’ll be safe.”

Will chewed his lip.

“I’ve actually been thinking of getting us suits,” he confessed slowly. “So… okay.”

“Oh?” Hannibal said, interest piqued. “What for?”

Will gripped the steering wheel tight.

“I want us to visit someone before we leave.”

Hannibal waited patiently.

“Bedelia,” Will said in distaste.

Hannibal smiled widely. “Wonderful, darling. New clothes and suits can be purchased at a mall quite easily.”

Hannibal *had* been thinking about the loose ends he wanted to tie up before he and Will left the country. However, he didn’t want to jeopardize their ability to flee safely, so he kept his thoughts to himself. He had multiple people to visit, but he could always do so at a later date.

In fact, leaving certain people to live their lives in fear of when Hannibal would pay them a visit sounded quite fine to him.

But Will suggesting that they call on Bedelia before they leave got Hannibal's heart pounding fast enough to make an exception.

They hadn't discussed the particulars of what their future life would be like together, in terms of where they would go and *what they would do*. It wasn't particularly necessary in Hannibal's opinion, since they seemed to be on the same page without discussing it. When Will dragged Hannibal out of the sea after killing a man together, he made an unspoken statement about accepting himself and not holding back anymore.

His desire to see Bedelia only solidified that declaration. Hannibal couldn't wait to see what Will would do.

After the kiss they shared in an unmemorable motel room, Hannibal had taken to imagining their future life together. He imagined the house they would share, the meals they would cook, and the blood they would shed. His pulse quickened each time he thought of it.

Bedelia was an opportunity for them to act out a few of those visions, but more than that…

Hannibal wanted to see Will smeared with the blood of others again.

Like Hannibal predicted, procuring new clothes for them wasn't hard. They managed to snag some casual clothes in their respective styles, as well as a pair of matching, fitted suits, without anyone looking twice. Even the cashier, at the checkout counter, didn't look up from their register.

"What did you have in mind next?" Hannibal inquired once Will helped him back into the car.

Will licked his lips. "Hide out in Harrisburg. Send Chiyoh to Baltimore for recon."

Hannibal felt a familiar surge of pride and affection at Will's thoughtfulness. Will hadn't needed Hannibal to tell him that Chiyoh was hanging around until they left the country, but figured it out on his own and injected the information into his plans.

Hannibal took the burner phone out of his pocket and offered it to Will. "Here you are, then. Let's get started."

Chiyoh called them back about a day after they arrived in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

"She's still at home," she relayed in that bland tone of hers. "Apparently, she refused all offers of witness protection from the FBI and private hiding from the Vergers."

Hannibal and Will exchanged a look.

"She's got a single patrol officer outside her house that changes every six hours," Chiyoh continued. "Her alarm code is 0463."

Will looked impressed, but Hannibal was long accustomed to Chiyoh's exemplary services.

"Thank you," Hannibal responded. "We will call the next time we need anything."

"Good," Chiyoh said, then hung up.

Will was already walking over to the small closet by the time Hannibal set down the phone. He pulled out their suits, and looked at Hannibal with tentative excitement.

“I feel as if this is our first date,” Hannibal shared as he took his suit from Will.

Will snorted. “Don’t say that. I don’t want Bedelia Du Maurier at our first date.”

Hannibal shamelessly kept his eyes on Will as he stripped down, then started dressing.

“What would you call this, then?” Hannibal wondered, excited to know Will’s entire mindset about this event.

“Long overdue,” Will replied, lips curving into a severe smile.

He turned around to face Hannibal then, fully dressed, and all the breath left Hannibal’s lungs.

Will looked extraordinary. His suit was a deep shade of midnight blue, the perfect match to his sparkling eyes. His curls were combed back to show off the scar across his forehead, which matched beautifully with the fresh scar gracing his cheek. The best part of his entire outfit, however, was that severe, hungry smile.

“Your turn,” Will said, reaching to tug off Hannibal’s shirt.

He was used to Will helping him change over the past few weeks, since Hannibal still had a limited range of movement. However, Hannibal had to use all of his willpower to remain entirely unaffected as Will dressed him in that moment.

“There,” Will said when he finished, straightening Hannibal’s tie. “Take a look.”

Hannibal clasped Will’s hand in his and walked them both to the mirror, an uncontrollable smile growing on his face as he marveled at their appearances.

“What a pair we make,” he murmured.

Hannibal’s suit was dark red, which complimented Will’s blue perfectly. Looking at their reflections was an assurance that this was real, that Hannibal was living out the life he’d dreamed of for so long.

“Appropriate outfits to reflect the nature of the occasion,” Will mused, meeting Hannibal’s gaze like he knew what he was thinking about.

Hannibal had no doubt that he did.

“Shall we?” he inquired, squeezing Will’s hand.

Will’s eyes glinted in the dim motel lighting. “Let’s go.”

It took a few hours to drive to Baltimore, but for once Hannibal felt as if the journey passed in a blink. He suspected Will felt the same, given that they were both greatly anticipating this meeting.

Hannibal brought the various ingredients and decorations that he would need for their meal. Once Will had told him that he wanted to take Bedelia’s leg, Hannibal immediately thought of the ideal recipe. He shared it with Will, who smiled, said he looked forward to the tropical theme, and proceeded to procure all of Hannibal’s required ingredients.

Hannibal could hardly wait, and when they entered the city of Baltimore, he didn’t feel any homesickness for his old home. After all, why would he when his new home was sitting right beside him?

It was dark outside when they parked the car two streets down from Bedelia’s house. There was nobody out to see them walk over, and they were careful to circle around to Bedelia’s backdoor to avoid the patrol car. Neither of them suggested killing the officer inside, as they wanted to avoid alerting the police of their presence.

Hannibal opened the door with a quick pick of the lock and let Will sweep inside first, watching him go straight to the alarm pad on the nearby wall and punch in the code. It happened so quickly that the alarm did not have time to go off before Will's deft fingers appeased it.

Hannibal closed the door silently and crept further into the house. He nodded at Will once, leaving him to evaluate the officer outside while Hannibal deposited his supplies in the kitchen and searched for Bedelia.

They'd already been through the kitchen and living room, so Hannibal proceeded to the most likely place Bedelia would be.

When Hannibal entered her bedroom, she was calmly sitting down on her bed in a black silk robe, pouring herself another glass of wine from the bottle on the bedside table.

"No gun to point at me this time?" Hannibal greeted casually.

Bedelia avoided his gaze. "I doubt that it would do any good, due to your companion."

"You're right about that," Will said, entering the room with his head held high.

Hannibal smiled. The last time he was in this room, it had been that ill-fated night, when he'd left Will bleeding in his kitchen. He was happy that everything had changed since then, and Will was with him this time.

Will turned towards Hannibal. "The cop didn't notice anything. He was sleeping."

Bedelia took a long-suffering sip of her wine, and Will rounded on her.

“Bedelia,” he sneered.

“Will,” she sighed. “I see that your pathological ‘Becoming’ has… metastasized.”

“It has,” Will replied. “And I see that you are in bed at 9 o’clock at night.”

“I find that sleeping is one of my favorite respites,” she responded lightly.

“It’s your only respite, other than drinking wine,” he scoffed.

Hannibal chuckled.

“Why didn’t you take my advice, Bedelia?” Will drawled, slowly moving around the bed. “I warned you to leave.”

Hannibal did not miss the flash of fear in Bedelia’s eyes, despite her efforts to mask it with another gulp of wine.

“I did not think that I could, for any real length of time, hide from you if you wished to find me,” Bedelia replied slowly, eyes having slid away from Will and onto Hannibal. “I much prefer to wait for death in the comfort of my own home.”

Will rolled his eyes, and Hannibal stepped forward to place a hand on the small of his back.

“And we have come,” Hannibal responded. “But I’m afraid that you will not have the mercy of a swift death.”

“I imagined not,” Bedelia said airily. “Which recipe have you deemed fit for me?”

Hannibal opened his mouth to reply, but Will beat him to it.

“It’s a surprise,” he said flatly. “Goodnight, Bedelia.”

In one smooth motion, Will dipped his hand into Hannibal’s pants pocket, withdrew the syringe awaiting inside it, and quickly plunged the needle into Bedelia’s neck.

Bedelia gave a tiny gasp, and then her eyes rolled up in her head. Unconscious.

Hannibal blinked, then let out a fond sigh. He loved how Will still managed to surprise him, after all this time.

“Will,” he began dryly. “Was the plan not, in fact, for me to inject dear Bedelia with the Midazolam as to guarantee the drug’s success?”

“It was,” Will exhaled, throwing the syringe onto the bedside table with a clatter. “But I couldn’t stand to hear her speak any longer.”

Hannibal’s eyes were glued to Will as he turned and walked closer, close enough to press a hand against Hannibal’s chest and lean in to whisper in his ear.

“Besides, didn’t you hope that I’d do just that?”

Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will’s waist and pulled him close.

“You know me well,” he murmured into Will’s hair.

“As you know me,” Will countered. He pulled back to shoot Hannibal a grin. “Shall we begin?”

Although the process of removing Bedelia’s leg took a fair amount of time, it was a relatively easy procedure. Hannibal didn’t bother bringing surgical equipment with him, knowing that Bedelia had some herself in a rather large bag in her closet. It was poetic that her leg would be taken by her own tools.

Will served as his assistant in the procedure, and he performed his role with gusto. Hannibal noticed his rapt eyes taking in every step of the surgery, and began to narrate what he was doing.

He taught Will all about the leg’s muscles, veins, arteries, and tissue. He explained how the muscle must be peeled away from the bone first, then the veins and arteries carefully severed and tied off so that the patient will not prematurely die from blood loss. Will was a quick learner, and by the time Hannibal picked up the bone saw, Will knew precisely what to do.

After they harvested the fresh meat and left Bedelia to recover in her bed until dinner was ready, Hannibal led Will into the kitchen. As they had previously discussed what needed to be done, Will wasted no time in going through the cabinets to find the required cookware while Hannibal set his bag of ingredients upon the counter.

“This will be the first real meal I’ve cooked since my release,” Hannibal mused as he began seasoning the meat.

“You mean your escape,” Will corrected with amusement.

“Yes, that,” Hannibal agreed. He wasn’t upset about the low-quality food they’d consumed from then until now, as it was necessary for Hannibal’s recovery and all that they’d been able to get without being noticed. But, he could admit that he’d missed cooking.

“I am glad that we’re doing it together,” Hannibal murmured.

Will finished preheating the oven and came over to help Hannibal prepare the leg by wrapping it in *ti* leaves.

“I am too,” he said softly. “Hannibal… cooking with you before, sharing meals together… It was always a nice time for me.”

“Even when you knew what you were eating?” Hannibal wondered.

By this point in their relationship, he knew that Will didn’t really care about his dietary preferences. However, he was curious to know his initial feelings about the matter, as Will had never quite expressed them before.

“Even then,” Will shrugged. “Meat is meat, and I’ve never been a vegetarian.”

Hannibal laughed, perhaps louder and more freely than he had in years. Will cracked a smile too, and before long they were both laughing together over Bedelia’s severed leg.

When their laughter died down naturally, they were left smiling at each other and easily resumed cooking without the need for prompting.

Hannibal allowed the monotonous familiarity of cooking to clear his mind and keep his hands busy. Creating meals had always been one of his favorite things to do, for a variety of reasons, but mostly because it was another opportunity to make something beautiful. Hannibal loved beauty, and consuming beauty was always akin to a religious experience.

He remembered when he and Will had eaten the ortolans together, a meal he had long considered to be the most sacred. That night, gazing intently at Will across his old dining room table and watching him devour a small creature, ranked high on Hannibal’s list of favorite meals.

Much time had passed since then, and Hannibal predicted that this Hawaiian dish with Will would surpass the ortolan feast. The food itself would no doubt be absolutely delectable, but it was the company that gave the meal true significance.

This was their first proper meal after he and Will had chosen each other over everything else, after they ran away together, and after Hannibal witnessed Will's breathtaking Becoming.

It was a special meal indeed.

Once they had finished preparations and stuck the leg into the oven, all they had left to do was wait. Cooking was often a waiting game, which perhaps influenced Hannibal's unending patience. After all, he had waited many years for Will in prison, and even longer for his Becoming.

So when they drifted to Bedelia's living room to wait out the leg's roasting time, Hannibal was not suffering from any sort of impatience. Will, however, was different.

Although he reclined on the sofa next to Hannibal and closed his eyes, giving the appearance of a man trying to catch some sleep in his free time, his leg was bouncing repeatedly. Hannibal shifted his position in order to brush his shoulder against Will's and encourage him to lean on him, but Will did not budge. He only reached out a hand to grab onto Hannibal's, his grip hard and his palms damp in anticipation.

Excited anticipation, Hannibal knew. They had not discussed what would happen during or after dinner nearly as much as they had discussed what would happen before dinner, an exclusion that Hannibal sensed was purposeful on both their parts.

Much of the pleasure in sharing this violent delight with Will was in the unknown possibilities of how the night could end. Hannibal liked to act spontaneously, and to be kept on his toes. He treasured the rush that Will's unpredictability brought him.

Hannibal could already feel that anticipation for Will's passion building inside him, energizing him and making him fall deeper in love. He couldn't wait to find out what Will would do during dinner with Bedelia. Hannibal had only carried enough Midazolam for a few hours, ensuring that she would be entirely cognizant during their meal. He wondered what little thing Bedelia would say or do that would poke Will too much and unleash his beautiful, righteous, passionate, violent *fury.*

Hannibal smiled to himself and ran a thumb over the back of Will's hand. He was truly eager for dinner to begin.

Some time later, an inviting smell began wafting into the living room from the kitchen. Hannibal turned his nose to give an inquiring sniff, then nudged Will awake.

"What?" he yawned, blinking. "Is it ready yet?"

"It is indeed, darling," Hannibal replied, the balloon of anticipation inside him close to popping. "Why don't I put on the finishing touches, and you help our guest get ready for dinner?"

Will nodded and stretched, then got off the couch and headed towards the bedroom. Hannibal's eyes followed him as he went, and it was only when Will disappeared down the hallway that Hannibal stood up and sauntered into the kitchen.

A Hawaiian-style roast would typically be done in a pit with lava rocks, but Hannibal neither had the time nor materials for that. He was fortunate that Will had managed to find *ti* leaves somewhere, saving him from the poor substitution of banana leaves.

He removed Bedelia's heavy, steaming leg from the oven and set it onto the counter, inspecting the meat to make sure it was fully cooked. Everything seemed perfect, so Hannibal retrieved his bag and began adding the final touches.

He started by putting blackberries on each *ti* leaf, carefully inserting a plastic rod through each one to hold it in place. Then, he transferred the leg onto the large, grey marble slab he'd brought — which Will had gotten at some home improvement store — and began putting

rocks and little cubes of fake ice around the leg to balance it, ensuring that it wouldn't tip over.

The rocks were to give the appearance of lava rocks, and the ice to represent the Lake of Ice in Dante's *Inferno*. Hannibal wondered if Bedelia would be aware enough to understand the reference, or if she would be too flooded with fear to notice.

Hannibal was excited to find out, and he made quick work of adding the rest of his decorations. Open pomegranates, pieces of bamboo, roses, and a variety of tropical flowers all found themselves neatly spread onto the marble slab, making the presentation of Bedelia's leg one of Hannibal's best creations yet.

At that moment, Will wandered into the kitchen and Hannibal looked up.

"She's ready and seated," Will informed him. "Still a little groggy from the drugs, so she's not going anywhere."

"She knows that there's no escape," Hannibal hummed. "Will, would you mind assisting me with moving Bedelia's leg back to her vicinity?"

Will grinned. "I'd love to."

Happiness bloomed in Hannibal's chest and he gestured for Will to take one end of the marble slab. With a nod from Hannibal, they hoisted the heavy serving tray up together, and carefully made their way into the dining room.

Will had thoughtfully removed the unneeded chairs, leaving only three remaining at the table: one positioned in the middle of one side, and two across from each other at either end. Bedelia was seated in one of the end seats, clad in a lacy navy dress with a plunging neckline.

The lack of chairs made it easy for Hannibal and Will to approach the table and set the serving tray down upon it. With anyone else, Hannibal might've been concerned with their

ability to properly deposit the slab, or worry that they might drop it. But with Will, Hannibal was perfectly at ease. They set the tray down together, at precisely the same time, so that the leg remained completely stationary and upright in its correct position.

With his hands now free, Hannibal walked over to Will and touched him lightly on the back. “Thank you, darling. Is your shoulder okay?”

“It’s fine,” Will shrugged. “How’s your side?”

“Fine as well,” Hannibal smiled. “Would you mind setting the table? Bedelia, am I right in assuming that your fine china set is in the cabinets above the sink, as I remember?”

“You are,” Bedelia replied softly.

“No problem,” Will said. He turned away to head back into the kitchen, but not before giving Bedelia a warning glare.

Hannibal watched him go, hopelessly lovestruck.

“It seems as if you’ve snagged the grand prize after a hard fight,” Bedelia drawled after Will left.

Hannibal turned back to face her. “Indeed. I am fortunate to have Will by my side.”

“Your side,” Bedelia repeated, glancing down to Hannibal’s stomach. “It’s injured.”

“Nothing major,” Hannibal reassured. “Nothing that would impair any actions I may perform tonight.”

“I feared so,” Bedelia sighed. “But how can you be sure that you will be the one performing those actions, instead of Will Graham? He was angry at me enough to jam a needle into my neck.”

Hannibal tilted his head. “Your transparent attempt at manipulating me operates on the assumption that I have strong feelings about who will be the one to snap your neck.”

Bedelia blinked slowly. “I was under the impression that you had no intention of seeing me dead by any hand other than your own.”

“That is true,” Hannibal conceded. “But you neglected to understand one crucial element.”

Hannibal leaned down to brush a stray curl behind her ear, making Bedelia freeze in sudden fear.

“Will and I are conjoined,” he whispered.

Hannibal straightened up and Bedelia did not reply, still sitting immobile in her chair. He could smell her cortisol levels increasing, and satisfaction sat heavily in his stomach.

Hannibal did not like how Bedelia’s last-ditch effort to save herself was to sow discord between him and Will, even if it was entirely predictable.

The tension was broken by Will coming back into the room, a stack of plates and silverware in his hands. Hannibal removed his gaze from Bedelia and watched as Will did the place settings.

“Do you need any assistance?” Hannibal offered.

Will shook his head. “I may not look like it, but I know how to do a proper place setting with all those different plates and silverware. I was in cotillion in high school.”

Hannibal blinked. “The 18th century dance?”

Will laughed. “No, Hannibal. In the South, cotillion was an extracurricular class that taught manners and etiquette, as well as dancing. I took it for extra credit, since I was failing English.”

“I find it hard to believe that you would fail any academic subjects,” Hannibal objected, mind whirring at the new information about Will’s early southern culture.

“Well, it was mostly because I was too bored with the subject that I couldn’t be bothered to try at it,” Will chuckled, making quick work of the place settings. “I was reading *Crime and Punishment* when everyone else was still on *Romeo and Juliet*.”

Hannibal smiled. That sounded more like the Will he knew and loved.

“I think I like this ‘cotillion’ class, Will,” Hannibal decided.

“I thought you might.”

“You mentioned that it taught you to dance?” Hannibal inquired, an image of him dancing with Will in a grand ballroom already taking root in his mind.

“Yeah. Maybe one day you’ll get lucky enough to see my skills,” Will smirked.

Hannibal’s eyes sparkled and he stepped close enough to Will to catch his hand, newly free from finishing the place settings. “I’d love that, Will.”

Will’s blush was only just visible in the dim light, but Hannibal, with his sharp eyes, caught it immediately.

“This display of affection is nauseating,” Bedelia muttered.

Both Hannibal and Will ignored her.

“Come on,” Will murmured, pulling Hannibal towards the kitchen again. “I need help carrying the glasses.”

Hannibal went, deciding to take it easy on Will and table the discussion of dancing for a later date. Hannibal had a strong desire to take Will into his arms and lead him around the dancefloor, wearing a suit similar to this one, but he could wait. After all, they had all the time in the world.

Will let go of Hannibal’s hand to grab a few water glasses and fill them up, while Hannibal drifted over to the refrigerator and opened it, curious as to what was inside.

Bedelia had been eating moderately well, although wine bottles occupied most of the space in her fridge. Hannibal glanced down at the hydrator, and smiled widely at what he saw.

There was a fresh bag of oysters, just waiting to be opened.

Hannibal retrieved the bag and got to work setting up the new addition to their meal. He was halfway through shucking the oysters and placing them in a passable serving dish when Will turned away from the sink, water glasses all filled.

“What are you doing?” he asked flatly.

Hannibal hummed. “Did you know, Will, that ancient Romans used to feed oysters to animals in order to improve their flavor?”

“Oh?” Will said, quirking an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Hannibal confirmed. “I first began feeding Bedelia oysters during our trip to Italy, and it seems as if the habit has stuck.”

“You like the irony,” Will noted. “It’s not about improving her flavor now, since we already took her leg.”

“Quite,” Hannibal agreed, finishing the plate of oysters. He searched a few of Bedelia’s drawers before finding an oyster fork, then picked it up along with the plate. “They shall be an appetizer to the main course.”

With one hand holding the oyster plate and another holding three wine glasses that Will indicated, Hannibal followed Will back into the dining room. Together they put everything in its correct spot, and Hannibal did not miss the way Bedelia stared at the oysters as they were placed in front of her.

“Bad memories?” Hannibal prompted, amused.

“Memories,” Bedelia said slowly. “I cannot say if they were good or bad.”

“You’re lucky, Bedelia,” Will announced. “You get to prime your palate with the taste of oysters before diving straight into your own flesh.”

Hannibal tracked the movement of Bedelia’s throat as she swallowed, eyes still fixated on the food before her. He turned to Will, one last thing to be done before they could sit down and enjoy their meal.

“Would you help me pick out a bottle of wine?” he requested.

“Of course,” Will answered, already walking back into the kitchen.

“She will try to provoke you,” Hannibal warned as they got out of earshot and began inspecting the different wine bottles. “She’s already tried to turn me against you. Poorly, I might add.”

“I expected that,” Will waved off. “Words are the only thing she can wield now.”

Hannibal nodded. “I only hope that her words do not poke at you too painfully.”

“If they do,” Will said, pointing to a wine bottle questioningly, “I will poke back.”

Hannibal smiled and inspected the wine for a moment before assuring Will that it would pair wonderfully with their meal. They quickly returned to the dining room, and Hannibal was pleased to see that the Kalua-roasted leg was still steaming. Dinner was right on time.

Without any words being spoken, Hannibal began cutting chunks of meat off the leg and placing them onto the waiting plates while Will went around the table and poured everyone a glass of wine. However, when his beloved got to Bedelia’s glass, quick movement caught Hannibal’s eye.

Bedelia took her left hand from her lap and swiftly thrust it towards Will, the oyster fork gleaming in her clenched fist. Will, who’d been leaning down to pour the wine, didn’t see the attack coming until it was too late.

The fork sunk into his skin just centimeters from the stitches on his face, but Will jumped back at the exact moment of contact so that the utensil quickly fell out of his cheek and clattered onto the floor, leaving only small drops of blood welling up in its place.

Will hissed and set the wine bottle down to clutch at his face, the pain of his stitches being irritated and his skin punctured almost insignificant compared to the rage he felt at Bedelia

for trying that little stunt.

Before anyone had time to breathe, Will dropped down to snatch the little oyster fork off the floor, stood back up, grabbed Bedelia's left hand, and slammed the fork through it.

Bedelia gave a blood-curdling scream that soon turned into a series of pained moans as her impaled hand twitched from where it had been deeply fixed to the table. Will gritted his teeth at her pathetic sounds as he wiped blood off his face, and hissed again at the pain of his throbbing cheek.

"Will, let me see," Hannibal said tightly, suddenly in front of Will and reaching out to grasp his jaw. "Does it hurt?"

"Yes," Will growled. He shot a glare at Bedelia, who was trying, and failing, to pull the utensil out of her hand.

"The fork did not tear your stitches, and the puncture wounds are not deep," Hannibal assessed quickly, his sharp eyes fixated on Will's face. "Apply pressure, and the bleeding should stop soon."

"Fine," Will responded angrily, snatching one of Bedelia's fancy napkins off the table and pressing it against his cheek. He hoped he got a lot of blood on it, although Bedelia wouldn't be using them again. She wouldn't be doing much of anything, soon.

Will wanted to kill her as soon as he walked into her bedroom and saw her talking to Hannibal in her bathrobe, but he resisted. He knew how important eating her was to Hannibal, and Will could admit that he was looking forward to their meal too. However, it was hard to restrain his impulses when Bedelia purposefully pissed him off.

"You will regret that," Hannibal said to Bedelia, his gaze still stuck on Will.

“I already do,” Bedelia groaned, finally giving up on trying to remove the fork from her hand.

Through his anger, Will was darkly pleased that Hannibal was also upset at his injury. It was an outward expression of his compassion for Will, and a public display of affection that made Will’s belly warm with thick satisfaction. He couldn’t recall a time when he’d seen Hannibal angry, and the occurrence now almost made Will forget about his own fury.

Hannibal’s face was tightly controlled, but Will had no problem reading the emotions underneath, like he always did. There were little wrinkles around his mouth from where his jaw was clenched, and his eyebrows were scrunched together just enough to show an expression of hostility. However, it was his eyes that Will couldn’t look away from. They were *burning*.

Will licked his suddenly dry lips, and arousal mixed with his anger to simmer inside him.

“It’s feeling better,” Will said, nodding slightly to let Hannibal know that he was okay. “Let’s eat.”

Hannibal studied him for another moment, then nodded in return. “As you say.”

Will slid heavily into his seat, and Hannibal went back to plating the meat. When he picked up the carving knife again, he hesitated.

“Good work at securing Bedelia’s hand to the table,” he praised with a sly smile.

Will huffed out a laugh. “Good work at cooking her leg.”

“You haven’t tasted it yet,” Hannibal chided lightly.

Will held out his free hand silently, and Hannibal gave him a plate laden with Kalua-roasted leg meat.

Will took a bite, chewing a bit hard to do since he only had use of half his jaw and it was still painful. However, the pain almost faded away when the flavor of the meat released inside of his mouth, and the flesh was so tender that Will had no problem eating it. He'd never had Hawaiian-style meat before, and he loved it. Or maybe he just loved Hannibal's cooking; either way, it was —

"Delicious," Will marveled.

"Thank you, darling," Hannibal said as he walked over to set Bedelia's plate in front of her. He returned to his own seat and began eating his meal, and Will was left to watch Bedelia look down at her plate in revulsion.

"Eat it or I'll force it down your throat," Will threatened.

Bedelia picked up her fork with her unskewered hand, shaking as she got some meat on it. Before she brought it to her mouth, she glanced at Will.

"I was wrong about you," she murmured. "You are a killer."

Then she ate the meat of her own leg, and a single tear ran down her cheek.

Will scoffed and went back to his meal. He knew that he was a killer, but he no longer felt ashamed of it. Doing bad things to bad people made him feel good, and he was done pretending otherwise. He was done resisting his instincts. Wasn't it more human to simply be himself, in all ways, instead of pretending to be something he wasn't?

"I apologize that I won't be able to make use of the recipes I sent you during my incarceration," Hannibal called to Bedelia. "To recompense, I tried to make this meal one of my best. How is it?"

Will smirked and looked back at Bedelia.

She swallowed down another bite. “My stomach is rolling at how good I taste.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal said politely. “That is quite the compliment.”

The rest of dinner passed in relative silence, Hannibal and Will digging into their meals and Bedelia suffering through hers. Will ate until he could eat no more, the delicious flavors of Kalua “pork” just too good.

Will set down his fork and took the napkin away from his face, finding that the bleeding had indeed stopped. With a sigh of relief, he wiped his mouth and turned to Hannibal.

“I think I’m ready for dessert,” he proclaimed. “Are you?”

“I believe so, dear Will,” Hannibal responded, setting his fork down in favor of picking up the carving knife. “Together?”

“Together.”

Will picked up his steak knife, and at the same time, he and Hannibal stood and began stalking towards Bedelia like lions stalking their prey.

Bedelia’s fork clattered onto her plate, and she gasped as her wide eyes flew back and forth between Hannibal and Will, approaching slowly on either side of the table.

“I’m not quite finished yet — Wait! — ”

But Will didn't want to hear her talk again, and there was nothing of interest that she could possibly say.

"Goodbye, Bedelia," Will said, then lunged forward.

He stabbed Bedelia's heart at the same moment that Hannibal cut her throat. Blood ran in rivers down her neck and chest, staining her blue dress a maroon red. Heat bloomed in Will's chest as the life drained out of Bedelia's eyes with every gush of blood leaving her body, making Will's hands slick with it.

She gurgled a bit, hand clutching at Hannibal's jacket. The sight made Will angrier and he yanked the knife out of her chest only to bring it down again, in a vicious second stab to her heart. More hot blood spilled out, warming Will's hands like the sun.

He'd dreamed of killing with Hannibal like this, and the reality was every bit as satisfying and electrifying as he'd imagined.

Bedelia made a final choking sound, and then her eyes rolled into the back of her head and she slumped against the back of her chair. Dead.

Will was breathing heavily as he dropped the knife and ripped his gaze from Bedelia's corpse to Hannibal's intense eyes. Will's breathing hitched. Hannibal looked hungry, as if he hadn't just eaten a full meal.

It was different from when they killed the Dragon together. Then, Will was wounded and running on adrenaline to fight an opponent that tried to kill both him and Hannibal. Now, Bedelia wasn't a threat, and Will wasn't completely hopped up on adrenaline. This time, the blood soaking his clothes wasn't mixed with his own. It was entirely someone else's.

Although this was different from the Dragon, it felt similar because the best part was the same. Hannibal was with him, and they'd killed together. The feeling that Will had when he looked at Hannibal before driving his blade into the Dragon's belly was the same feeling he was getting now, looking at Hannibal over Bedelia's body, a mere few feet away.

When Will's eyes locked onto Hannibal's, that *feeling* rushed through his entire body again, making him shake with pleasure. Power and bloodlust settled into his bones like they naturally belonged there, because they did. It was as if all the pieces of the puzzle clicked into place, leaving Will feeling completely free and happy.

But that wasn't all he was feeling.

Will didn't tear his eyes off Hannibal's hungry gaze as he walked quickly around Bedelia's chair and crashed into Hannibal desperately.

Will's hands grabbed onto Hannibal's suit, pulling him close so that Will could push his mouth against Hannibal's in a needy kiss. Both Will's head and heart were pounding hard, and he couldn't stop himself from taking what he really wanted: Hannibal, arms wrapped around Will, lips latched onto his in a messy kiss, and body pressed warmly against his own.

Will wished that they could get closer to each other, that their skin could grow permeable and they could melt into each other, bones and all.

Hannibal seemed to be thinking along the same lines, judging by how tightly he held Will against him and how hard he kissed him. Their first kiss was nothing but sweetness, a pleasant declaration about what they were to each other. This second kiss was also a declaration, but of a different kind.

Will wanted Hannibal to be his. He wanted to mark him, to claim him, to own him. And he wanted Hannibal to do the same for him.

Will *wanted* Hannibal, and he was tired of holding himself back from what he wanted.

Dropping his head down to press heated kisses along Hannibal's neck, Will started pushing Hannibal's suit jacket off his shoulders. He wanted to feel more, he needed Hannibal's skin flush against his own —

“Will,” Hannibal panted as his jacket hit the ground and Will started undoing his belt. “Are you sure? We haven’t talked about this and it’s a big step — ”

“I know it’s a big step,” Will replied raggedly, releasing Hannibal only momentarily in favor of shrugging out of his own beautiful, matching suit. “I’ve thought about it for a long time, and I’m done with resisting what I really want.”

Hannibal’s pupils were blown as Will worked with deft fingers to rid them of their shirts. “But are you absolutely certain — ”

“Yes I’m certain Hannibal, goddammit,” Will panted, grinning with victory as the last of their clothes hit the floor. “Now shut up and touch me.”

Apparently Hannibal didn’t need further convincing, his eyes turning dark and drinking in the sight of a very naked Will before him. Arousal and anticipation were burning through Will’s body like a wildfire, and he also used the moment to gaze upon Hannibal’s bare form, exactly as large and powerful as he imagined it to be. He’d seen Hannibal bare before, when he was changing his clothes after they fell from the cliff, but Will was too distressed at the time to notice anything.

He hadn’t expected the chest hair, but found that he really liked it, if his twitching arousal was any indication.

Just as Will was about to reach out for Hannibal again, the older man beat him to it and all-but tackled Will onto the carpet.

Will landed with a grunt on the pile of their clothes, saving his back from any pain and allowing him to focus exclusively on Hannibal above him. Will sunk his hands into Hannibal’s hair, marveling at the soft silkiness of it, and Hannibal resumed kissing Will, shifting their bodies until they pressed against each other just right.

Will's eyes flew open at the first touch of Hannibal's erection against his, and he gave a gasp which quickly turned into a moan with every rough thrust that Hannibal gave. The pleasure was incredible, the physical sensation intense and only amplified with Hannibal's hot breath puffing against his neck and the meaningful intimacy that they were sharing.

Will dug his nails into Hannibal's back and moved his hips in time with Hannibal's thrusts, the slide of their cocks against each other utterly perfect. Will could feel his pleasure mounting the longer he remained pressed up against Hannibal, touching him all over and always, *always* pulling him closer.

"Mine," Will groaned as he ran his nails down Hannibal's back, surely leaving marks.

"Mine," Hannibal growled in return, angling his head down to sink his teeth into Will's neck.

The bite stung, and Will knew that he'd been marked. It was this realization, combined with the overwhelming pleasure of Hannibal in his arms moving against him, that sent Will over the edge.

His mouth fell open in a silent scream as he came hard, pulsing against Hannibal as his body tensed up. Hannibal raised his head up to look into Will's face, then gave a little cry as he reached his own peak. Will felt Hannibal's release on his skin, and it only added to the bliss he was feeling.

When it was over, Will's body relaxed all at once and he went boneless on the pile of clothes, already knowing that they had ruined their charming suits but not regretting it in the slightest.

Hannibal rolled off Will and collapsed at his side, wrapping an arm around Will's waist to tug him close. Will smiled and hummed, turning his face to nuzzle against Hannibal's. It seemed so surreal, to get everything he desired. Will was glad that they survived the fall, since it gave him the opportunity to live how he truly wanted, without regret or second thoughts.

"You're beautiful, Will," Hannibal murmured into his ear.

Will blushed at the praise. “So are you.”

Hannibal nipped at his earlobe. “The sight of you, overcome with pleasure, was one that I often imagined but never thought I’d get to see. I’m grateful I was wrong.”

“Me too,” Will murmured, smiling.

“How was it?” Hannibal inquired.

Will laughed. “How was it? I think it’s obvious how I felt about — ”

“Not that,” Hannibal chuckled. “How was killing Bedelia?”

“Oh,” Will said, pulse jumping at the very mention of the blood they’d just spilled together. “It was… therapeutic. Incredible.” He raised a hand to lay it on Hannibal’s chest. “I’m glad I got to do it with you.”

Hannibal hummed, and Will felt the sound reverberate in his chest. They laid there together for an undetermined amount of time, perfectly content to exist in that moment, with no real rush. By Will’s calculations, they still had a few hours until sunrise.

“Where should we go now?” Will wondered softly.

They had no more reason to stay in the country, but they hadn’t talked about where to go once they left. Will figured that Hannibal had some ideas, and he wanted to hear them.

“I was thinking Cuba,” Hannibal mused, propping himself up on an elbow to gaze down at Will. “I began learning Spanish in prison.”

“You did?” Will chuckled. “I’m a bit surprised that you didn’t know it before.”

“I don’t know everything, dear Will,” Hannibal reminded.

Will looked up at Hannibal. He could imagine Hannibal’s skin tanned by the sun, and the bright blue sky framing his face as he leaned over Will on a beach, in the same position he was in now. Will hadn’t lived in a warm climate since he’d lived in the South, and thought that he could get used to it again.

He wanted to see Hannibal strolling down the streets of Havana, clad in soft linen and befriending the locals in their native tongue. He wanted to see Hannibal under the moonlight on a hot night, black blood staining his hands just as surely as they stained Will’s.

“Cuba,” Will decided. “I like it.”

Hannibal smiled softly at him, then leaned down to whisper against Will’s lips.

“Te quiero como se quiere a ciertos amores, a la antigua, con el alma y sin mirar atrás.”

And although Will had no idea what Hannibal said, the words warmed his heart, and he closed the small space between their lips without another thought.

Will was free, and he couldn’t wait to share that freedom with the very person who fought so hard for him to have it.

Chapter End Notes

Fin ~

The Spanish line that Hannibal says is a quote from Mexican poet Jaime Sabines, and it translates to "I love you in a certain way, the old-fashioned way; with the soul, and without looking back."

Thanks for reading and commenting and enjoying!! I had so much fun writing this, and I hope y'all had just as much fun reading it :)

Check out my twitter or Hannibal edits if you'd like!

End Notes

Thoughts? ^-^

I'll post the second chapter in a few days!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!